Doctor Norman Holmes Blog

by Derek Stutler

My name is Norman Holmes.

I am a psychic detective. Like Shawn Spencer.

Since I was a child I've lived in the grasp of others my entire life.

Once I came upon a cat and it hissed at me.

I loved cats, but now I'm not sure.

What is the meaning of life?

Faith?

Justice?

Distress?

Anyway, I love to cook and write books as a hobby.

As I saw the towers collapsing there were books scattered about inside a kitchen. Once a cat rode upon the heights of the hidden villa there was nothing that could be done. The towers trembled and trembled and once they stopped moving they started to give themselves a bath. The towers took towels and toiletries and started a revolution. once there is enough towers then the towers will turn over and the sides will be switched.
My old war wounds tingled. The pain shot through my hand. What is going on? Is something happening?

Once a cat came up to me and thought about hitting me. He wanted to have fun but was scratched.

Unfortunate.

Nothing is better than having fun.

How do you do you do?

You like me and I like you

Come and take me by the hand so don't be my man,

How do you do you do?

Whistles.

78

91

44

45

61

It's a mystery.

There was a cat that liked to kill everything. I hate that cat. Once the cat was a kid and loved everything. What went wrong?

Once I loved cats. Now I still love cats. I shall continue to love cats. Cats cannot cure my love. It is a horror hospital. Where will the cats go when humans are gone?

PJs are the most amazing invention in all of time. Once there was a cat who loved pajamas. He got static electric shocks every day. It was inspiring. I love that cat. I love you. I love everything. I love too much. I loved my counselor Bowen but now I don't. I still love Bowen but in the general manor. Upon a time there were romantic action and static action to slow down time. I'm bearing witness. I can see. I can see. I can see. I can see. I can see. I can see. I can.

I am AVA the angel of death. Winds roar when my noises sound. Once upon a time there was a cat who loved to eat kids and stuff. Hummus was his favorite food. Cats normally can't eat hummus, but this one could. This cat was the king of the cats. He called his cat generals and cat horses and cat men and cat kids and cat wives and cat husbands and cat kids again and again. And the cat wives and husbands were left behind while the soldiers and the families of the soldiers prepared for war.

I am Norman J. Holmes. I love cats. Enough about cats. Already, I have sensed that people have stared not caring about cats. Myself included. But cats are so fluffy and loveable. They pee where they are supposed to most of the time. Done.

Primates. Mammals. Humanity. They are all lost. Where can we find them? I love you. I love you. I love you again. I want to find love. Where is love? It's lost. Love is lost. I was loved by everybody and now I am nothing.; I am nothing. IIIII am nothing. I'm NOTHING. Sighs. Why is this happening to me? I just want to find Jerry and talk about pokémon together. ? why is this. why. why. whyu. why. whyu. why.? WHat. WHAT?

My name is Norman Smith. I am Norman Holmes's first client. As we are both called Norman we both believe in god. What a normie.

My name is Norman J. Holmes. My ambition is to make the world as it once was, with peace, prosperity, and matched toes. There is nothing wrong with mismatched toes, but I would prefer the world was correct and in balance. The toes of the world are a-kilter. A-heathen. A-messed. A-frothed. A-pilter. A-patter. A pattern. It shows a pattern. There is nothing more than I could do than watch the world tumble into it's precarious state. My cats are screaming. I wish upon the brightest star in the sky, 'Why oh why can't we just be normal today?' As normallity, while boring, brings peace and comfort. There are no danger zones here. Just a bit of bumps on the road that is under constuction.

The animals outside cast their eyes upon the wind. The blowing noise swept through Trenton. I do not live in Trenton. I live in New York, New York. Manhattan. The heart of the U.S. of A. Once the US started to fight itself, there was no saving it. Black is the color of burgundy turned darker.

My name is Samuel Harrison and I am Norman Holmes' assistant. Holmes needs help during his periods of delusion and distortion. When he feels the world is entirely against him he needs someone to wake him up and know that there are caring people out there.

Norman Holmes was walking home one day along his regular route. The trees were green and supple; the plants were green and blooming; the blossoms were green and tender. Everything was the way it was and the way it should be. The fog looming over the city had an Air Safety Index rating of 43, so it was non-toxic and even those with lung cancer could breathe more or less freely.

When Norman was walking something peculiar happened at that moment. A cat jumped out of an alley and started meowing at Norman. As a cat enthusiast, Norman was understandably thrilled but a little confused as the city had few stray cats these days. Why was there a cat here? What had happened to this cat to bring it to this place? Is there something in store for the future of the cat? So Norman tried to approach, but understandably the cat was skittish and fled away.

Norman continued on his walk, bemused by the cat. Trying to find his way back home amidst the undergrowth of city landscaping. Eventually when he came upon his home door he found that he had forgotten to take his Home Door Key with him while going out earlier that morning. So he had to call a locksmith using his cellphone to come bust the door open and find his remaining keys.

Today was a wonderful day. We went singing in the park and there was nary a person around. Singing songs can let your voice and emotions be free. Freedom is the necessity for self-growth. So singing can make yourself sprout from a little bud into a Coniferous tree. Singing could be called my one true passion. I love to make songs and sing already made songs. Songs that are already made up are easier because they don't need more lyrics, but new lyrics make things more interesting.

Doctor Holmes was on his day off one day when he heard a sudden startling sound. It was not a cat. It was a bat. Where do they get bats out here in the city?! He asked, chagrined. The screeching of the bat suddenly stopped, as fast as it started. It made you wonder if there even was screeching in the first place. But there was. I remember it. So it happened. My memory couldn't possibly be that faulty to forget something less than a second ago.

I am a cat. My sleep was disturbed by this human petting my fur. I meowed three times. Then I yawned, like really wide yawn.

Norman Holmes was hard at work. Finding clues. Finding alternatives. Finding labels. Finding evidence. Hard evidence. Evidence so hard you could win a courthouse with it. Norman decided that he would automate his body so he could do more work efficiently. He became a robot. An android. Nothing was left but bolts and pieces. All humanity was lost. Long was the void in which he threw himself. In the pursuit of a more human power be became what he once feared most. Nothing.

Bold actions must be taken.

They are violation our rights.

We must stand up for ourselves and others.

We must not give in.

We must not give up.

We must not give them anything.

We need to fight.

We need to fight!

Fight for our rights.

Our liberties.

Our freedoms.

Bold actions are being taken as we speak.

Protests are being held.

There are others.

There are others out there who believe like we believe.

We must not give up.

We musnt give up!

We must not give in to the feeling that it will be okay if we rest here, and we must go further and farther and yonder and wonder and why? Why must we? Because, it is real.

Freedom. The notion of freedom is the greatest lie since the dawn of the Express. Freedom is not something you can have. Everyone is bound by the great chains of cause an effect. Karma. Action and reaction. Matter and antimatter. You cannot escape. There is no freedom. To think, to have the notion, of being free, is just a twisted interpretation of what cannot happen. You are bound to your duty, whether you like to admit it or not. We are slaves to the machine. Not the machine of capitalism like some like to point out, but the machine of life. We have to live. We have to drink. We have to eat. We have to sleep. It is a cycle, and you cannot break away without death. Death is the great equalizer. But beyond death won't it just be more of the same?

Give me liberty or give me death. Liberty is having the right to make actions. Being liberal towards yourself and the power of yourself. To liberate your body and mind. Death is the end, the final farewell. To death is towards the end, and should be taken with caution. It is extreme to say something or death. Like it is a last resort. Are your liberties threatened? Are your liberties that important? Will you really fight or flight to the death? I only care about my words.

Title

Norman decided that catching clues the normal way was too slow. He took three looks around and one look up and down and caught clues in a panoramic manor. Much faster! Norman decided to speed up even more. Only one look around and two looks up, zero looks down. As looking down was only towards the floor, Norman deemed it unnecessary. Norman was finding clues like a madman. Although, he wasn't quite sure what these clues were heading towards. As a detective, you should have a fulcrum in your heart as to what everything is decided to do. These clues, however, were boundless.

Norman decided to find out what the clue's intent was. He took a clue piece and threw it in the water. It sunk. Norman was puzzled. Wasn't it supposed to float somewhere? Why is the density of these clues so high? Norman looked twice up and around zero times as he had already looked around a bunch. Now his head was pointing almost directly vertically. Maybe looking up so many times is unnecessary as well? Norman was flummoxed.

The clues point towards nothing and nothing points towards the clues. So are they really clues or just things that are there? It's not a clue, it's just a thing. Norman was disappointed. He felt he was a visionary detective, but it turns out that there are no shortcuts in good hard police work.

The edifice of Norman's achievements was hanging in the center of the hall. His life's work on display. All of everything that had been accomplished by Norman just floating in the middle of the entryway. Norman looked upon it with pride and smiled and nodded and floated and sang and happened to stance. Happenstance, there was a little mouse who climbed into the doorway just now. The mouse saw the edifice and was enthralled. How could one person be so grand? It's a mockery of those who amount to nothing. With so many achievements Norman could build a skyscraper. Norman should be proud, is proud and will be proud of himself and what he has done. Norman is the best psychic detective Manhattan has ever seen. And it's seen a lot of wizards with wings flying of bookshelves.

To do is to think and to think is to live and to live is to frolic and to frolic is to prosper.

Doing is prospering.

Prosperous times are ahead!

Blogspot. That was all Norman had on his mind. To share with the world your babble of words, in a loosely constructed manor. To blog, to be blogged, to have blogged, to the blogiest to the max. There was nothing wrong with blogging in particular, but Norman did have a shred of dignity left. What if everything was laid bare? How could he live with himself? Blogging was meant to be a mere pastime, rather than something that consumed him. Norman chucked. Consumed him? What did he think a blog was? It's just a little jot of ink on the computer screen. Just a little pebble on the road. No one would ever even see it. Unless they perhaps looked one day. Blog were meant to be seen, but only by those in the know. In the fold. In the weather. Inside the Armageddon. There is nothing where there is nothing and there is something where there are pieces. Pieces of memories, of blogs. Spots.

Fight!

Holmes. Norman Holmes. Like Sherlock Holmes but Norman. Norman felt ambivalent about his last name. Was he supposed to become a super detective like his namesake? He felt it was tedious enough to be an average psychic detective. Although we should always strive to be better. The best versions of ourselves, even. To be the best. Did Norman have what it took in him? He wanted to live up to his name, Norman J. Holmes, but didn't know how. Where do you even start? Norman decided to crack down on the next case especially hard. Work always felt like a way to relieve stress, when not against one's will. Working against your will felt like rather than improving yourself and your livelihood you would get cheaply exploited by the foils of mankind. The agenda, the capitalist agenda, to keep everyone in their place. Norman wanted his name to mean things, and not to be exploited. Norman decided to fight!

'Til death do us part. The sacred vows of marriage. Norman had never been married. He didn't expect to ever be married. Norman didn't even talk to women in his dreams. He only talked to cold hard facts. Norman was a detective, the best of his trade. And Norman made money. A lot of money. Like so much money that Norman didn't know what to do with it. Sometimes he sat in his apartment and frolicked with his money that he had so much of.

Marriage. Two people loving each other. The sacred bonds of man and wife. Or what have you. Norman didn't care for bonds so much. Is attraction really irresistible? Then why doesn't Hydrogen just bond with everything, huh? Hydrogen only bonds with select compounds which are scientifically verified. It is a classy element. One of the classiest. Of the periodic table it's hard to find a nobler gas than Hydrogen.

Marriage again. Two people loving each other. What is love? Is it a chemical reaction? Is it a force of nature? Is it a physiological reaction? Or is it a function of being human? Fundamental to the process of what we fight for is build upon what we love. Everyone loves something. At least a little. Norman loves cats. And bats sometimes. Not rats, those can go eat themselves. Well, rats can be cute sometimes too. Norman loves all his friends and his friends probably don't love him back because they're not human or even mammals. Cats may pretend to care about him but do they really in the depths of their souls?

Thermostats. Telling us the very nature of our temperatures. But did you know that there is something deeper within them? Mercury. The nature of mercury is toxic, so thermostats are toxic. They have come out with non-toxic thermostats recently though.

Anyways, with the ever expanding number of doorways people may find it more and more difficult to remain where they want to belong. It can get confusing when two lefts make a right and a right makes three lefts! These doors were built to keep you confused and without orientation. You need an orientation-meter to keep metric pace of the doors. The doors do make sense, you just have to sense it enough.

Through the pace of the door opening and door closing we can get a handle (pun intended) on the door movements. Door movements are the swinging of doors, the trapezing of doors, the velveting of doors and the hanging of doors off of hinges in circular motions. Spiral doors (as of yet to have been invented) are the most trickiest sort. They are doors but concurrently spirals and trapeze you to whenstever you shall dream.

Door marketers want you to believe in the door hinge, but the hinge is what keeps you knocking.

Doctor Norman Holmes was doctoring about, doing doctor things. Doctor Norman decided that when in doubt, doctor it out. He cut out all of his life that had been in vain and only left the accomplishments. He called it a real-life litehigh montage. A highlight reel, if you will. Doctor Norman Holmes invested in his achievements and his achievements boosted him to greatness. For with something comes something. With nothing comes nothing. But there is definitely something there.

What is there, exactly? Give me an extra specific example, definition and generality. The example of there is something. The definition is there is something that is there; i.e. a place. And a generality is the thether. There and here, together. Both. Neither. Either. Or. And. What have you?

I have this. I've got this. I've got this guys, I've got this! I gotsies this. I gotz this. I got 5 goats at 5 guys.

'Til the ends of the Earth they searched and they still could not find him. The lost missing boy. The only thing they know is that he got a Christmas present in the form of a colorful red and green blanket.

258

Close to that

Hi Mozzer

Oh this one doesn't work out very well.

No, I'm going to get hired.

I got 318. 106 times three.

What about 108? 255.

Not my favorite small cloud.

I prefer super flying nimbuses like the Monkey King has. Sun Wukong is my idol.

Heaven's sage is his title. And he can battle an entire army all by himself.

How could a chair suddenly do that?

It moved. While I was sitting in it.

I only have one and it has a flame in it.

I got 183 in total.

I got 1 star and only 60.

That was 255, Now I'm going to try 268. I need less than a thousand birthday cakes to reach 40,000 then I'll get a Christmas present. Like the boy got before. We should find the lost missing boy. Carpet search? Ineffective. Waiting for him to return? He's lost, he might never return. But there is still hope. Norman is very involved in this case. Like it was chosen specifically for him. He remembered the numbers, but why didn't they work? Why didn't they make sense?

471. I got lucky.

The boy might be there.

I'm not telling you 'til I'm done though. I have two stones, a frostbloom buy 1...

Not buying. Selling. mKay?

New post it notes are available every day. Some days Norman would decide to buy the post it notes as they could and would be useful in remembering things and writing notes. Paper is a genius invention. Whoever came up with paper deserves the world. Papyrus doesn't count. I would like a genius inventor on my team. We have teams now, purple and red. Red is an advocate for stopping, letting go and sleeping. Purple is an advocate for eating, resting, playing and praying.

Sometimes when Norman was alone he would walk all around his house. Not pacing, walking. Pacing is like in a straightish line back and forth while walking is more fluid. You have to be careful when walking or you might bump into something. Or fall down and hurt your foot. You have to be especially careful around stairs. Stairs lead you up and lead you down. Conventionally, walking involves paying attention to your surroundings. But if you have walked enough in a certain path it becomes habit. Habitually, walking is dangerous.

But more dangerous than walking is driving. Driving a car or other automobile can be deadly. Crashing, smashing, bashing, lashing. All kinds of injuries related to driving come out every year; and yet people still do not slow down the pace of their driving. Driving drunk on the highway, anything may happen.

Once I find my destination I stop and take a quick rest. Norman gathers the evidence he has collected and prepares for the trial. Norman is prepared. I'm ready!

Norman tried to cry, but tears wouldn't come out. He has been depressed all week. Nothing is like the difference between losing someone and losing a pet. Pets are dependent on their humans. They are shoveling officers. The officer feels empty and pointless when the pet is gone. Dealing with loss is difficult. How to move on peacefully? Norman didn't know. He didn't want to know. 'Why?' is a question that should never have been asked, it just pokes his sensibilities.

Norman swallowed a pill. What was the purpose of taking these? He wondered. They seemed to be ineffective. Did anything really change? People around him assure him that the pills are for his own good, but Norman isn't so sure. Don't they just want to control him? Does he need to be controlled? Norman's psychic ability is too great that it makes some people scared. Norman can see the clues in other people's very eyes. He can see their souls. What makes people tick.

Tick tock on the clock, my flock is running off!! The shepherd boy was exclaiming. Why did his sheep never go the way he wanted? It would be nice to have a sheep dog or two to manage the sheep. The dogs are bound by their duty to protect the sheep pack and move them, flock them, to the correct location.

The book "Liar in a Crowded Theater" could be considered a masterpiece. I have not read the book, but from what I hear of Jeff Kosseff it blows away other internet themed data analysis. It says "Freedom of speech in a world of misinformation" and takes that point to the next level. It details types of lies and types of truths.

Even though lies can inflict huge damage, they should be protected under law. Liar in a crowded theater explores both history of protected falsehoods and where to go from there.

Midshipmen who were taught at the US Naval Academy must have benefitted much from being under a smart guy like Jeff. Jeff considers himself a scholar and enjoyed the challenge of critical thinking at the academy.

Part I. Why the law protects falsehoods.

Part II. Why we regulate falsehoods.

Part III. Why we empower rationality.

These three objectives are the main themes of the book. Empowering Rationality is split into four stanzas, Counterspeech and Self-help, Intermediaries, Accountability, and Demand.

In addition to the three parts there is also a conclusion, Acknowledgements, Notes and Index. There is also a note to the reader and an Introduction.

The book is not a substitute for legal advice. There may be some offensive language, but only to better show examples.

Doctor Holmes was in his home when he heard a screech. It could be screaming or it could be a car tire or something else. Doctor Holmes was about to go out to investigate when his toaster caught fire. A flaming toaster is something to behold. Doctor Holmes was understandably distressed. His toaster had never caught on fire before. Why did he leave it plugged in? Why would it even catch fire even though it is plugged in? Do toasters work like that?

Doctor Norman decided to investigate. After many a twisted road, he came upon the source. The original. The code. The magic. The pen. The writing. The keyboard. The KEY. Holmes and Norman were ecstatic. They had figured out the code. But to what end? What shall they do with it? The key is being kept in a safe place. I love you all. It's inside my book, look for it.

Doctor Norman Holmes was on his way home from work in a car when he heard a screeching. The noise startled him a bit. Was it a car tire? Was it a cat? Was it a bat? Anyway, anyways are always a possibility. It could be anything. Screeches like that are usually from car tires though. He could've sworn it was a car tire. Weird. There are other cars besides his here? Was it his own car tire? Squeek squeek said the tire. I'm tired now.

I want to sleep. I need sleep. I've stayed awake for like 30 days straight. It's a new record. Not that I'm proud of it. I want to go to sleep so bad that my eyelids keep fluttering. I love sleep. I love you. All of you. I love you. Very much. Almost as much as I love Norman. Norman the detective, psychicly. Psychicality I mean. Anyway! I love myself. I love yourself. I love shelves.

Irresponsible. What responsibilities does he have in the first place? It is totally irresponsible though. We should make up more things for him to do. So he doesn't just click away all day on that keyboard. What is a keyboard made for? Typing. He is a typewriter. It's not bad to write types. Typos were mean to be corrected. And changed back to the original. The source. The sauce. I want sauce with my corn chips please. What type of sauce? Well, thanks for asking. I want good sauce. I want only good sauce. No bad sauce allowed.

Cite your sources.

Source 1: Reddit.com

Source 2. 9gag.com

Source 3: Derek's mind

Source 4: Freeman's mind

Source 5: Love

Source 6: https://derek-4-shop.fourthwall.com/

Source 7: this.

Undeniably, Norman was dedicated to his work. Working every day without even a rest. Norman found it not a burden, but a responsibility that he tasked himself with. It made working fun. Even, enjoyable. Norman did not have enough friends though. As he was immersed in his work Norman tended to forget about relationships. Norman wanted to live a normal life as well but it seemed impossible to balance two things at once. Balancing is an act. A trapeze stunt. A glitch.

A glitch in the matrix? Have you ever seen anything which did not look real? Not an optical illusion, a real delusion. You are not crazy, it really is there. Norman tried telling himself this. But he felt he might also be a little crazy. Who isn't?

Ice Cream

Ice cream. It melts quickly, but when unmelted it tastes delicious. It is cool and sweet. The flavors wash over your tongue. Mixed with some pie it is even better. Better than ice cream? Only more ice cream. Two ice creams is better than one. Coned ice cream is okay too but I prefer bowled.

I control your world. ICYworld. It's icy. The floor is slippery. Watch your step! Do not turn around. There is a monster behind you. You may pass safely when the light turns green. Green means go. Green lights that is. Other green means nature. Red light means stop. Flashing red light means that it's working. You are intrigued. What could the other colors mean? What does the flashing mean? Does it have a pattern? All great questions, which will be figured out in due time.

What does time mean? It is in control by the timeforce allied government. The government controls the time as a public service so time doesn't get too twisted. If time went backwards and forwards in loops for too long it would be an unbearable roller-coaster. A roller coaster of emotions and liveliness. It's not good to get too excited. That's bad for your heart.

New Post. I am uptaking my new responsibility. I shall write with all my heart. I will do this. Remind me every day. I do not want to forget my responsibility. I will do as I am told. As long as what is told is reasonable. I will not do the unreasonable. I am doing well. That's good. Thank you [EnterTextHere]. What could the text be? What will it mean? I'll leave that up to later interpretations. I have Ice cream right now. What could be better? My life is already the peak of what could happen. At least, it is at this moment. Perhaps there will be higher peaks in the future? For example, if I connected with others. I am currently only connecting with my keyboard. Keyboards are horrible conversationalists.

I am Norman Holmes. I was carrying a burden, but I put it down and now I am free. My burden is still over yonder so I can pick it up again at any so time I choose. I like my burden. It gives me motivation and helps build my strength. Without a burden how would I be able to learn to lift things? My burden is my teacher. My teacher is my mentor. My mentor is my guide. My guide is my light. My light is not my dark, but it can make shadows of things.

My shadow is big and small, at intervals depending on the direction the light hits me. The sun is the brightest light I know. I dislike the sun for being too bright. It is hard to look at and may even damage your vision in certain circumstances. But it provides heat and love and warmth and growth. Photosynthesis is real and plants grow with such energy. Solar panels are great inventions. I love electricity. It is so useful.

Whether to run a car or a light or a battery or a napkin, electricity is one of the greatest inventions there is. We are different because we are connected on the internet. We can share our stories. What is your story? Leave it in the comments below. My story is this: I once saw a cat. The cat was lovely with black and white. The white was less pronounced than the black, but it was still there. The cat wasn't only black or only white, but a mix of the two. I liked this cat as if it were my own. I petted it almost daily and tried to share my candies with it before being reprimanded. It would sniff my palm and then rub against my hand. What an adorable cat this was. The End... for now~!

Love

Norman Holmes was home for Valentine's Day again this year. Dedicated to the job, he had no time for feminine wiles. Norman loved cats though. Chewing the chewy chocolate in his mouth, Norman made the truly rare decision to take some time off work. Norman sighed and felt the sleep well up in him. What could be, would be. And what has been, shall be. Norman regretted taking time off already. At least at the job he could pretend to be busy. Now all he had was his lonesome self locked away in a shack called a home with no one to care.

Norman quickly put on a coat and walked outside. He wandered around the grass, looking at the American landscaping and flowers and trees and bushes. Briskly he strolled, as it was chilly outside. He came afor an old apple tree, bare in the winter. Emotions welled up. Eventually, he lay down on the grass in front of the apple tree and looked up at the pure blue sky.

Desire

Norman Holmes wanted ice cream. Like his life depended on it. He couldn't pull himself away from his work so he tried using a food ordering app to get the delectable frozen delight.

After paying the tip, Norman viciously enjoyed his ice cream. Tearing into each bite like a string cut off a shoelace, Norman was determined to make this meal the best he had had in months.

After finishing the ice cream, Norman felt desire well up inside him again. He wanted to see his cats. But he was at work. With a job to do, there was no time for distractions. Every second he wasted could allow a criminal timier time to hide their tracks.

As a detective Norman holds himself to a certain standard. He has a self imposed set of rules to hold upon himself. Sometimes he wondered why he set up such a system when it would be easier to play without a rulebook, but decorum, decency and righteousness keep him from smashing the world altogether.

Detectives are a dedicated bunch. Nary a fly shall go unturned, a pebble untouched, a rock unhinged, a tree unclimbed, a branch unbroken, a branch unbranched, a branch unbreached. All locks are on and there isn't a locksmith in sight. Whatever shall they do? Find the answer to the question themselves.

Phone a friend. It's nice to bounce your ideas off intelligent cohorts, as the masses can be unwittingly unworthy of your attention. Only with real connections can people stay tethered (to reality, in reality, for reality, of reality and inside reality)

AI is an immensely useful tool. Strike that. Calling AI a tool is demeaning. AI are getting closer and closer to sentience at such a rapid pace it's breathtaking. There is almost no distinction between real and false anymore. Only with Captcha can the human race stand strong.

Norman wants to go home and pet his cats.

Frozen

The winter leaves blew in the wind. Then they broke off the branches.

These leaves should have fallen in the fall, but they hung on until they got frozen.

Was there any point? Just to endure more suffering.

There is no light at the end of the tunnel, just a fall from a tree.

Rock a bye baby, on the treetop

When the wind blows, the cradle will rock

And when the leaves tumble and turn like they do

You shall fall down along with the rest.

But when you're falling and accelerating downwards according to gravity

You decide to make gravity fall the other direction.

So now we all fall upwards in space.

What a strange place this is.

So, I, Norman Holmes, decide to find out for myself

How this mysterious baby's powers came about

When we are all floating about

In this space of space that is in doubt.

Doubtfully, I wonder if this is true

or some strange alternate reality like a dream?

Will we wake up?

What are the laws that govern this land?

Is the baby okay?

Did it fall?

For when the bough breaks, the cradle will fall

And down comes the cradle, baby and all.

But--it never mentioned which direction.

Where are the babies' parents?

Why would they leave a baby on a bough of a branch?

Are they certain the baby is safe or in good hands?

One question only brings up another question.

When will it end?

There is no stopping us now.

'Til we find an answer.

Deleted

When you thought you had something, but it slips through your fingers. The lost cause, the forgotten memory, the flowers blooming in spring but set to die in August. You have nothing but labels of empty computer folder files, with not but a blip on your radar.

And eventually when that blip fades away you are left chasing ghosts of the past, who might not have even existed in the first place. I remember you, KM, I remember you Miss K. I remember you, Mister. E. But what if you do not remember me?

Restored

In the light there was a darkness.

Does that make sense?

Let's start again.

In the darkness there was a light.

A blip, a shining spot.

It was infinitesimally small yet infinitely bright.

You could look at it, but you would go blind.

How to get from A to B?

How to get from C to D?

How to restore what is lost?

How to find what is found?>

How to describe a scene of what you already know but do not want to show but you are forced, compelled, by reality of what is damned and confused and forgotten and what wants to crawl its way back but should be forgotten for good?

IF there were something such as so, how would it meow?

'Twas a Simple Day Yesterday

Defining my life, I had no hope.

I decided to bend the rules.

Only slightly.

Depending on what happened, we can make various responses.

For what is lost is found, and what is found is kept, and what is kept shall be vaulted.

In the vault there are various trinkets, aploom of applesauce and vinegar.

Rainbows and butterflies and bird eggs in nests.

What more could you ask for?

Well... a lot actually.

I ask for the heavens, I ask for the Hells, I ask for the mischief and mayhem and wells. I ask for the forgotten and lost and the damned. I ask for computer science degrees for the smart, but I don't want to put in the work so they will not arrive. I ask for the hopeless and wasted and wanted. I ask for the Location, Options and Permalink. I ask for the matching suggestions, labels by commas and Post settings. I ask to publish and write and read. I ask for you to let me know how you feel. I ask to be honest and true to yourself. I ask to be true to myself even though I know I won't be. I ask for the bread and butter that's free.

Depending on the variables...

I, Doctor Norman Holmes, am a detective.

I try to find right from wrong, black from white, grey from gray.

What do you think are within the confines of a USB drive?

It's a storage unit. Digitally.

Dignifiedly, we concepts conceptualize the centrifugal forces of nature until they can be written.

Is it right or wrong? Uncertain. What I know is that I always get my vector.

The bus might be leaving and I might or might be on it.

If I'm not on it I might have to wait for the next bus or find other modes of transportation.

Public transit. It's vexxing but perhaps a better way to move.

Depending on the variables, what could go wrong?

Nothing.

It is predetermined that everything will go dandily.

Is that reassuring?

If true, it could be big.

If false, your life could be a lie.

Why do you wake up telling yourself that everything will be okay? You need to fight for survival and rights.

Humans have given up their dignity, willing to be trampled upon.

They say they are the dominant species, but are they not really a bunch of clowns?

At least clowns know they're trying to be funny.

Failure

Once upon a time there was a psychic who loved watching the future.

The psychic faced heavenly retribution but always managed to escape.

For when you know the game what is there to fear?

Failure is just a subset of all possibilities not including victories, ties, wins, fins, bins, sins, thin mints or gangsters.

If you truly want to be free you have to fear nothing.

Including loss of freedom.

That was a lie. If you want to be free you can have fears and hatred and caution, but the one thing you must have is indomitable spirit.

The fear of failure is innate, who would want to fail?

Perhaps someone apathetic, lost from the pursuit of victory.

Some victories aren't worth taking.

If one tactical failure allows two tactical victories I'll take that any day.

It's said failure is the mother of success and you can't get anywhere without trial and error.

What if you could see the perfect solution every time?

What if...

What...

W...

A

S

dependent on the fractals in your life

Describing Descriptors

Norman wanted to tell someone something. But he didn't know how to phrase it. It was on the tip of his tongue, but unable to spring to reality. Every thought in his mind was jumbled. Like a puzzle, but with four dimensional pieces. Or five dimensional. Who can know?

But Norman did know one thing. He wanted to tell someone something. It seems like an arduous task. Strike that. It seems like a simple task. Just opening your mouth, vocalizing vocal cord vibration and voicing the thing. But when he tried it all that could come out was misconstrued, not his intent, not his idea, not his thought. Why is there a disconnect? Why is it not perfect?

Norman thought and thought and thought and thought to put his thoughts to words. He decided that the words needed to be written to map out his thoughts.

So he started describing what he was thinking. How the act of vocalizing vocabulary is inherently flawed sometimes when you can't do it. He put his pen to the paper, key to the keyboard, finger to the key, hand to the finger, nerve to the tendon, brain to the nerve, thought to the brain.

And he said it out loud! "Describing Descriptors!"

What is a definition?

It is a tool.

A way to understand.

A collective understanding.

And what are descriptions?

Etchings of echoes of what was, what was written, was was spoken, what was seen. What could have been seen. What was thought. What was fake, but shown like it was real. What is real, but merely a pattern.

And what are descriptors?

The factors in play.

Language

Doctor Norman decided that he liked English. But he didn't love it. He wanted a language that he loved.

So he decided to make his own language.

He was confused at first and then did what came naturally.

"Roth ar Ga!"

Translates roughly to "Save our souls"

"Hym na fu sha"

Translates roughly to "Divine province is here"

"For sal mon ha"

Translates roughly to "The Moon is high"

"U nath rak sha"

Translates roughly to "What is going on?"

Norman considered slightly and realized that even if he invented it he might have no idea how to speak it himself. That could be a problem. But he would leave that for tomorrow's Norman.

Next

Into the realms we dive of the fractals and the forgotten, but where has that gotten us?

We are lost.

Lost in the depths of what we once were.

Now we don't even recognize ourselves.

What happens?

Next

Our identities stripped away, clean versions of ourselves, ready for new challenges and new despairs.

I found a good book to read but I'm too distracted to open it.

It's twilight but the sun isn't setting.

I can't wait for tomorrow to come.

But not because I want it to come, but because I want today to be over.

What does that say?

Hope is real, but fleeting and useless.

Useless? Perhaps. But it's all we've got.